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Jim Jam Jems: July 1916

Sam H. Clark

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Jim Jam Jems

by JIM JAM JUNIOR



A VOLLEY OF TRUTH



E. P. Naught Steele, n. Dof.

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Bismarck, North Dakota

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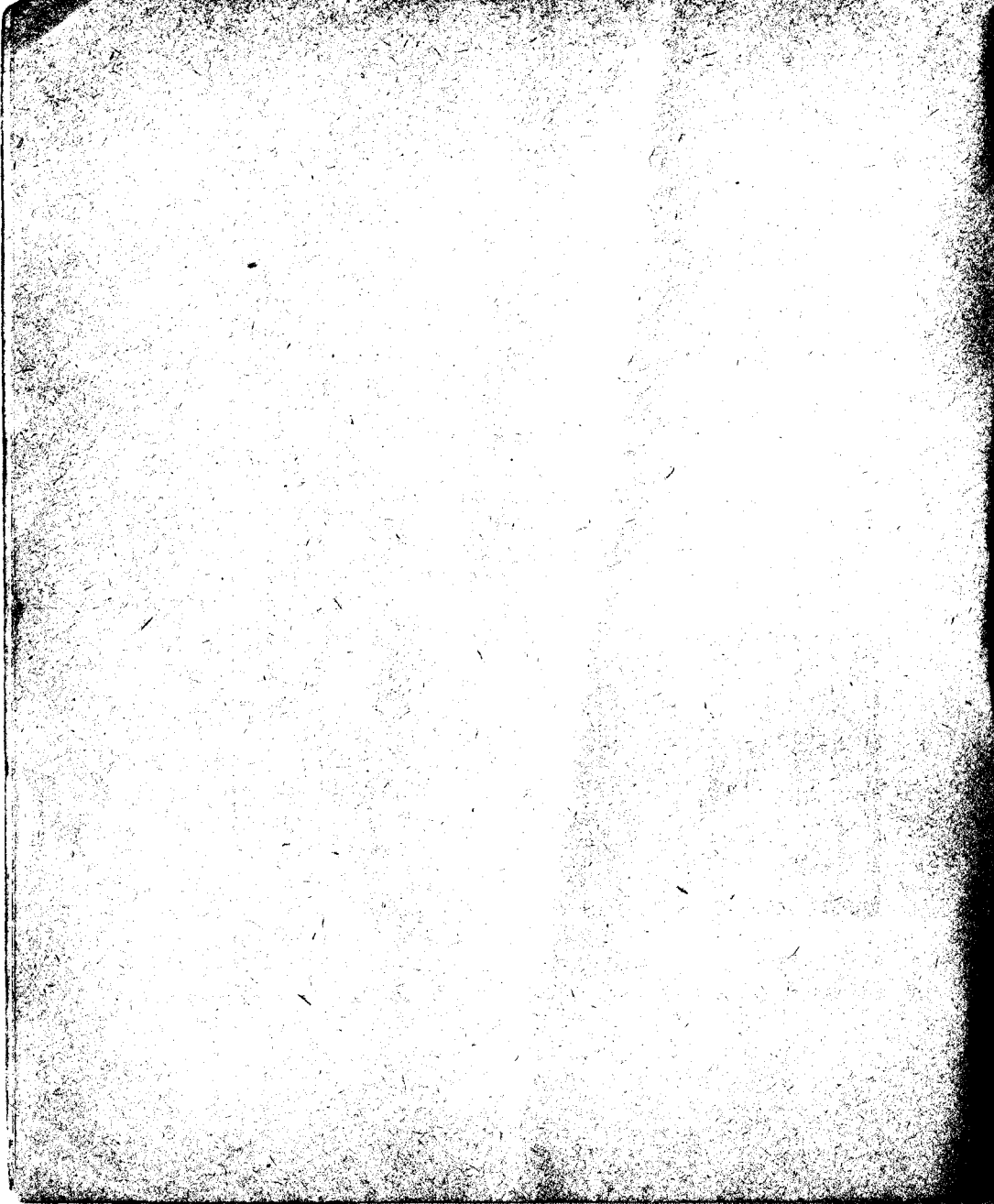


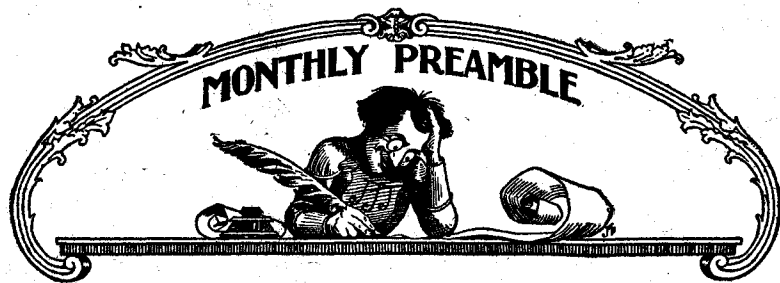
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T OCCURS to us that this is not an appropriate time for lengthy speeches of introduction. In July weather the small voice of the soda-fountain and swish, swish of the palm-leaf fan are far more grateful to the soul than the grandest eloquence that ever burned on a Bryan's lips of gold. This is the verdant season of the year when perspiring brides and enthusiastic bridegrooms of last month commence to appreciate the high cost of loving and wonder who started that ancient myth about two living as cheaply as one. It is the season of picnics and thunder-showers,

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camp-meetings and chautauquas, cyclones and primary elections, mosquitos and B. V. D.'s. It is now that youth wants to wander adown the bosky dells with his lady-love, sip the nectar from her roseate lips, harrow the drug-store peach-blow on her cheeks with his scrubby beard, and reduce the circumference of her health corset with a manly right arm. It is vacation time—that glorious season of the year when man wants to get out into the country close to nature, the world forgetting and by his creditors forgot. It is the time when those who can't afford it take a cottage at the lake, while dad is left in town to hustle all week like blazes to keep up expenses and take the stenographer to lunch and run down to the lake every Saturday night to get acquainted with the family over Sunday. It is the season when the idle rich will have to be content with seeing America again. The war precludes any chance of a trip abroad and they saw America first last year. It is the season when the white slave does the Mann act and takes a lake trip to some cool and cozy resort where society is lazily amiable. It is the season when the gin-fiz fizzes and the whangdoodle whangeth, while the deah girls with their X-Ray skirts manage to get between man and the lowering sun as they straddle from deck to dock and scream in joyous ballyhoo to attract the attention of the slothful sport who might accidentally be looking the other way. It is the idle month of the year, when business is bum and sporting is good. It is time to fish—not for men but for sure-enough suckers. It is now that man gets so lazy he doesn't seem to be able to stretch out quite flat enough. He

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wants to find a cool, shady nook, far from the madd'ning throng, where he can spread out like molasses and drip off the edges. It is the month when Swain and Jane take to the woods and water where they can boat and bathe and picnic, hang swings and hammocks, carry lunch-baskets, romp, roll, loll and snooze in the breeze, gather tan, dirt and freckles, sweat and stink to their heart's content. It is the season when the poor fill their lunch baskets and hie away to the park on Sundays to fight flies and watch their fat babies roll on the grass, then trudge home in the gathering evening shadows far more tired than on any other evening of the week.

We were just tearing this stuff off on the typewriter about as feelingly as a hungry man says grace when we chanced to look from the window of our den, and our thoughts flow in more serious channels. Less than a mile distant roars the mighty old Missouri river. We stand before the open window drinking in the cool evening air; our eyes wander along the farther shore of the river and linger for the moment on the ruins of old Fort Abraham Lincoln. Yes, there is is; within sight of the eye from the windows of our den. We become reminiscent: It was from this very spot that the immortal Custer marched to his death. We can see the winding road over the hills where Custer and his little band rode away to glory and death at the hands of that crafty old Sioux—Chief Gall. And then the eye swings back along the left bank of the river and away over there on the flat we see the cluster of buildings that marks the new Fort Lincoln,

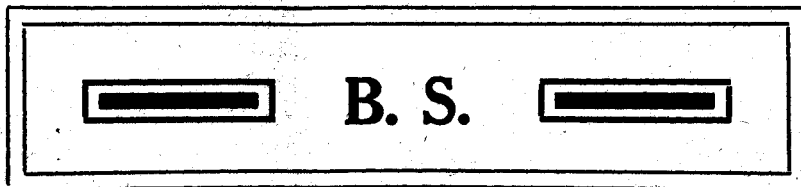
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just a stone's throw from Bismarck, and in plain sight from the windows of our den. At this very minute Fort Lincoln is alive with soldiers—the North Dakota National Guard—mobilizing to defend our nation's honor. We have many good friends in that regiment and we wonder what part they are going to play in the bloody drama that seems so imminent. In a few days these boys will march away from Fort Lincoln just as Custer and his band did so many years ago. They go to defend the same flag—the honor of the same nation—the nation that was born just one hundred and forty years ago this month.

A few minutes ago, when we started to write this preamble, we thought of July only as a month of lazy rest—the vacation time of young and old alike. But now the thought comes to us that it is the birthday of the greatest nation on earth! It is the birthday of the bloodiest war the civilized world has ever beheld! And it may prove the birthday of America's greatest war!

We thought to preamble to you, dear reader, only in a lighter vein. But just as the old world revolves bringing the seed-time and the harvest, the daylight and darkness, the springtime and the winter, so does the smile turn to tears, and the sunshine to shadows. We can only hope that ere long the shadows will have lifted and the benediction of God will fall upon a world at peace.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.



FOR seven weeks we have watched with eager interest the campaign against sin and vice in Kansas City by that noted evangelist—Billy Sunday. During that seven weeks we have read every word of the ninety-three sermons he preached to the one million three hundred and fifty-six thousand persons who attended the revival in the immense tabernacle there in Kansas City; we have studied carefully every prayer uttered; we have watched with critical eye the twenty thousand six hundred and forty-six sinners who hit the “saw-dust trail” and publicly proclaimed that they had found Christ.

We have never believed in Billy Sunday. During the past five years we have devoted several chapters of criticism and

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ridicule to his acrobatic and gymnastic evangelism. We have called him a four-flusher and grafter, a hypocrite and imposter. We have believed that the fragrant commodity, so often referred to in the slang vernacular of the day as "B. S.", dripped in simon-pure essence from the mouthings of the noted evangelist—that B. S. and Billy Sunday were synonymous.

We do not believe there is a publication in America that makes the same honest and conscientious effort to be fundamentally sane and truthful in its utterances as does Jim Jam Jems. It was our inherent dislike for sham, hypocrisy, deceit and untruth that caused us to conceive and launch this publication. It was because of a desire to be fair and truthful in our utterances that we eliminated every influence and "string" that could possibly curb absolute freedom of speech. And in the five years that we have given our monthly "Volley of Truth" to the American public, we have honestly endeavored to avoid prejudice, to think fairly and write fearlessly.

The thought occurs to us now, after a minute study of probably the greatest Billy Sunday revival of the year, that in one particular we may have done the evangelist an injustice—in our former statement of the belief that a Billy Sunday revival does no permanent good.

The so-called "conversions"—the open confession of faith as evidenced by trail-hitting—do not mean anything to us. We have sat in a Billy Sunday tabernacle and watched the game too closely to be deceived by this part of the campaign. A great majority of those who file down the sawdust aisle and

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grip the hand of the sweating contortionist are those who are already immovably convinced that they have been saved to Christ. They come not with a change of heart as the casual observer might be led to believe, but simply as a sort of reaffirmation of their faith, and as an example or bait to others. We have seen the perspiring Billy call upon the choir, the ushers and secretaries—all picked sanctimonious community nuisances—to hit the trail, while members of the tabernacle committee worked among friends and acquaintances throughout the vast audience urging them to hit the trail with “I will if you will” baits. Then there is a certain percentage of the “converts” composed of men whose stomachs have gone back on them and who have just “sworn off” for a spell, the fellow who “swore off” so as to get back on speaking terms with his wife, and the fellow whose stinking habits have made him ashamed of himself and who feels as though a public demonstration of his decision to be a better man will help a little to regain the confidence of his sanctimonious neighbors, and give him a little more courage to “stick it out” for a while. To this lot add the hysterical women, the Gideons—members of that union of sanctified drummers—the young fellows in love with religiously inclined girls, who want to curry favor with their sweethearts, the half-witted and the senile and you will find that there is little room left in the list for actual converts.

We do not believe that one of Billy Sunday’s pious circuses augments the desire of the individual to be saved, but we believe that it does augment a desire within those religiously

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inclined to save others—to devote more time to Christian work and to give them more confidence in themselves and a firmer hold on their beliefs. After watching this Kansas City religious riot for seven weeks we have come to the conclusion that one thing has been accomplished—an added impetus to religious work. And that may be a permanent good. For Billy Sunday has a faculty of pumping money out of the pockets of religious cranks and fanatics while he is pumping salvation into their souls; he causes them to make actual cash investments in hysterical religion and some of them at least stay hitched to the trail, being loath to admit that their money was thrown away.

On the night of June 18th, when Billy Sunday said good-bye to Kansas City, he tucked into his wallet a cashier's check for \$32,000, which the people gave to him as a "Thank Offering" on his farewell night. "Amen and goodbye," shouted Billy as he stood with one foot on a chair and the other on the pulpit at which he had preached for seven weeks. He waved his handkerchief. Twenty-three thousand men and women shouted, "Good-bye, Billy," and pushed toward him, but with a leap he cleared the platform, dived through the mass of people, ran into his dressing room and a moment later was stripped and under the shower bath. The great crowd below was slow to leave the tabernacle. They lingered after Billy had gone from their sight. Many wept. Some stooped and scooped up handfuls of shavings and sawdust, filling pockets and handkerchiefs from the trail where they had "marched in open defiance of the devil"—as Billy would say

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it. A half hour after Billy left the tabernacle all was dark; the religious tumult had died out, and Kansas City people had an actual cash investment of \$74,844.83—total receipts at the tabernacle—in a religious frenzy that ceased to “frenz.”

After word had been passed up to Billy that his seven weeks of gymnastic preaching had netted him the sum of \$32,000, he leaned on the pulpit and prayed thusly: “Jesus, I am so tired, I can scarcely stand. Help me, O Jesus, give me strength.” And then the choir struck up, “Where is my wandering boy tonight?”

“I haven’t time to say all that’s in my heart,” said Billy as he began the farewell sermon. “I feel well repaid for all the toil and labor. I wish I could bring each one of you to the platform and thank you. But even then I couldn’t do it. The words haven’t been coined. I will carry away in my heart the treasure of your love. You are not paying me a debt. You don’t owe me a penny. And if you gave me nothing I would love you just the same.”

What is there about a Billy Sunday sermon that “gets” the religiously inclined; what is there about his vulgar slang, his shadow-boxing and gesticulating that touches off the sub-system of fanatics and causes them to roll their eyes heavenward and groan under a burden of piety? We can understand how an Ingersoll—how a great orator or a great preacher—could touch the souls of men with eloquence of word and thought. We can understand how a powerful, masterful sermon might move men and women to a greater reverence and instil in their hearts a deeper sentiment of

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good; but a Billy Sunday sermon is a mere pot of mush! It is a burlesque on fine thought, on sentiment, and on religion such as we find in the "Sermon on the Mount." It is as though a fine old poem had been reduced to doggerel. As evidence of this, we have gathered haphazard from some of his sermons delivered at Kansas City a few "Sundayisms." Read them carefully, for it is with such sop as this that Billy Sunday caused thousands to "hit the sawdust trail" while the sobs of sinners were drowned by the steady plunk, plunk, of gold dollars into Billy's savings bank:

"I'd rather have standing-room in Heaven than own the world and go to hell."

"Folks, I expect to go to heaven some day, although a man told me the other day to go to hell—because he didn't like what I preached. I told him 'Nothing doing'."

"Get into the safety zone by getting on the side of Christ."

"The trouble with a lot of mutts is that they want to start in the senior class instead of in the primary department."

"A sinner has no spiritual existence. He's only got a physical existence like the hog he feeds slop to."

"Put the kicking-straps on the old Adam in your nature. Don't shine for Jesus Christ like the sun every Sunday and then look like a London fog the rest of the week."

"Don't be like a bantam rooster who puts his legs out of joint every time he crows and has to be fixed up before he can crow again."

"Keep going steadily for God like an eight-day clock."

"If you are going to follow Christ, nail the flag of resolu-

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tion high and clinch the nails on the mast tail so all hell can't pull it down."

"I wonder that God is doing as well as he is when I think of the gang he has to work with."

"There's many a fellow trying to work some shell game on God today."

"Many a man prays when he is up against it, but when he can stick his thumbs in his armholes and take a pair of scissors and cut his coupons off, it is, 'Goodbye, God, I'll see you later.'"

"God has to take many a man and yank him on his back and shake a shroud over him before he will pray."

"You want the kind of a religion that makes you go home and kiss your wife."

"Some Christians roll to church in an automobile and then throw five cents in the collection plate and sing, 'Jesus Paid It All.'"

"Why don't you, who are always criticising, take your old carcass out of town and start a church of your own?"

"If the people will set about to do God's will, the devil will be in the hospital by the Fourth of July."

"Cut out the cigarettes, you little fool, or you'll wake up some morning to find that your brains have run out onto the pillow."

"Some people are so stingy that they sing through their noses to keep from wearing out their false teeth."

"I don't give three whoops this side of perdition for all the windjamming you do in the revivals if you don't get out and live it."

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"If a man doesn't settle his religion before the embalmer pumps his fluid into him, then he's a goner."

"At Pentecost one sermon saved three thousand people; now it takes three thousand sermons to get one old butter-milk-eyed, red-nosed, whiskey-soaked blasphemer into the kingdom."

"There's so much organization in the church that you can hear the machinery squeak, but we haven't got enough oil of the Holy Ghost to grease one axle of God's chariot."

"When the time for the Judgment of God comes, he's going to ask you if you've been going to leg shows where the women don't wear enough to make a pair of leggings for a humming-bird."

"Some people are so tight that if you asked them to sing 'Old Hundred' they would sing ninety-nine and save one per cent. Every time they put a dime in the collection they want to sing, 'God be with you till we meet again.'"

"If Martin Luther lived in Kansas City he'd be sitting down there saying, 'Go to it, Bill, I'm with you.'"

Just imagine, if you can, a person of ordinary intelligence, with a mind open to conviction, being "saved to Christ" through a "sermon" teeming with such silly guff as this. It is only the fanatic, the weak-minded, the fellow with religious frenzy already in his system, who falls for Billy's religious vaudeville with brass band accompaniment. Just imagine "converting" an unbeliever with such slush.

The above is a fair sample of the kind of eloquence and thought and argument that the famed Billy Sunday puts

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forth; he does it by "acting out" as nearly as possible his every utterance. He sweats and fumes and gesticulates; he pulls off his coat and shouts at the audience; he tells them they are a lot of blear-eyed, knock-kneed, booze-soaked, sin-ridden disciples of the Devil and that if they don't come up front and shake hands with him and say, "Devil, I defy you, and God, I love you," that they will be forever damned. And then the great choir sings and Billy looks down and prays something like this: "Devil I've got you going. You've had the best of it here till I came to town and now I've got you on the run and I'm going to keep you running." Then he looks up and says; "Jesus, we're making good." And when we think of the \$32,000 thank offering he took out of Kansas City, the \$51,136 he took out of Philadelphia, the \$46,000 from Baltimore, the \$45,000 from Pittsburgh, the \$23,255 from Syracuse, and the \$32,356 from Trenton—and we are giving the actual figures—we are sure Billy means it when he says, "Jesus, we are making good."

Maybe we have done Billy Sunday an injustice by saying that no permanent good comes of his work. After all he does help a lot of religious fanatics to find a common ground and in separating this class of people from their money Billy not only establishes his title as the king of confidence men but also proves that the original estimate of a sucker born every minute is too conservative.

“GOO-GOO” AND COLIC

MRS. Charles H. Hughes, wife of the Republican Candidate for the Presidency, came out not long ago with a public statement to the effect that “Our next baby will be born in the White House.” The newspapers of America heralded the statement broadcast; it received front-page prominence. Then close upon this bulletin from milady’s boudoir comes a whisper from the national capital that there is a suspicion of the stork’s having been booked for a visit to the White House under the present administration. The President has been married six months and already the Peeping Thomases who hover about the executive mansion looking for “news” for the great Ass-sociated press are commencing to speculate on paternal possibilities. Whether

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some nosey cub-reporter caught sight of the mistress of the White House in a flowing Mother Hubbard and drew his conclusions hurriedly, or whether in cross-examining the delivery boy at the rear door he noted a package from the dry goods store that might contain preparedness safety-pins and material especially adapted for use as diapers, the "rumors" do not say. While "a watched kettle never boils" there isn't any doubt but what special "reporters" have been assigned to the job of watching the physique of two of the foremost ladies of the land in the hope of discovering girth developments that will mean real news!

Just what effect confirmation of the rumor from the White House would have on the present campaign is mere conjecture, except that it might indicate to the public that the President—like the Star Spangled Banner—is still there. And with the blunt statement of Mrs. Hughes that her next baby will be born in the White House, it begins to look as though most of our kind of fellows who always "stand together" had better get real busy pulling for their favorite. As yet no announcement has come from the pool-rooms and betting booths as to the odds that will prevail in the betting on whether the next White House candidate for colic and carpet-tacks will be a Democrat or a Republican.

Funny, isn't it, how the great American press—that moulder of public opinion and guardian of public morals and conscience—will fill its columns with bunk of this kind and label it "news?" The only solution we can offer is that the press finds it profitable to violate the canons of common decency.

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This is not the first time that the press of the country has shown its utter disregard for the sanctity of the home or respect for the modesty which is the glory of motherhood. When the Cleveland child was expected, the newspapers all but gave the pattern after which the youngster's diapers would be fashioned. We well remember just a few years ago when King Alphonso and his Queen were expecting a visit from the stork. The press dispatches announced the fact weeks, even months ahead of the actual occurrence and we learned that every morning "When Alf arose he stepped softly to the door of the royal bed-chamber and in a gentle tapping summoned the royal doctor; grasping Doc's hand he would scan his face for news, but the old hot-water-bottle advocate would simply shake his head, and Alf knew that he was still heirless." Day after day we learned that the Queen ate milk-toast for breakfast and the temperature of her room was tepid. And when the long-heralded event finally transpired the papers were filled with column after column of dope that would remind one of a clinic in obstetrics. Then again, a few years ago, when little Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, had a tendency to embonpoint the newspapers brazenly apprised the world of the "rumor" that an addition to the royal household might be looked for in the spring.

It would seem that the great news-gathering associations just stick around the roost of highbrows looking for signs of the times. And Mrs. Hughes helped the game along by making a fool, unwomanly statement that has put the sensational press on its mettle to discover whether it is a threat or a promise.

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Abe Lincoln was born in a wayside cabin; he came into the world unheralded and unsung. Yet he was and will ever be the Greatest American. Being born in the purple doesn't cut as much figure in statesmanship as it does in "hosses." A babe born in the White House has a pretty good chance to tug sustenance through a rubber-nozzle attached to a bottle and grow up a sap-head, while the twins born to Bridget O'Reilly on the back lot of shanty-town may some day head a grafting police force.

If this kind of news is legitimate, just stop and think what would happen if it was followed up in a local community and the little town weekly would publish the "news" every time a village woman is threatened with motherhood! Why if a newspaper went to spreading "news" of this nature about the wife of any citizen in a local community—no matter if her husband happened to be justice of the peace or town assessor—the chances are very good that the husband would feed a fistful of buckshot into a double-barreled shooting-iron and go down to the print shop and clean out the whole editorial sanctum. But the great American Press seems to think there is no such thing as sanctity and modesty of motherhood when dealing with the daily doings of the Van Loons in the high-brow walks of life.

Thus while the alert reporter writes fascinating advance dope on the "Goo-goo" of an expected event at the White House, the American public's finer sensibilities will suffer from colic long before the blessed cherub has an opportunity to testify as to the merits of Mrs. Winslow's soothing product or Mellin's bran.

Movie Queens Rise from Ashes of Sensualism



THE Cinema Craze has outstripped all the fond expectations of its creators. The movie was born in bad surroundings and for years did not seem able to leap out of the Nickleodean class—but it did because some brains were injected into the producing end, and brains beget capital. Thus we see a gigantic industry rise from what appeared to be a heap of cheap, sentimental and slushy drivel. But if the moving picture industry expects to survive it has got to clean house and do it quickly. There is no time like the present and the slimy head of Scandal is already peering over its rock-ribbed barracks.

We delight in being frank so we might as well get down to cases. Right now many film actresses would appear cheap

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and tawdry in comparison with those famed celebrities, the Cherry Sisters. The only claim they have to fame is because they are the mistresses of the big men in the moving picture game. They are reaching the altitudinous heights by the route of fornication. There are more "kept women" being labeled as stars and heralded to the public as the real thing, it would seem, than there are jewels in Nick's crown.

The moving picture enterprises are honeycombed with lustful business arrangements. It even reaches to the top pinnacles and some of the most prominent and respected producers and directors are operating their own little private harems in a manner that would make the Sultan greenish about the gills.

If a girl be pretty, even if she has no more artistic ability than a piece of fried camembert, she may, in this golden era, trade her virtue in the moving picture industry for a headline position in the studios.

Just as a well known potentate remarked, that after him came the deluge, so will the business of producing moving pictures fall into the abysmal depths of total extinction. Nothing can exist in this world unless it is pure. Look at the burlesque shows. Primed with smutty jokes and bare-legged harlots, the managers thought they could gallop about the country and reap golden harvests. They did for awhile, but there came a time when the public mind became saturated with filth and rebelled. And then came a cleaning up—it came in the nick of time and the burlesque show busi-

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ness is today fighting for its very existence even though it has been morally improved one hundred per cent.

One California producer, we happen to know, is a pervert. He had a good wife and rose to fortune by fleecing his friends; then he began to adopt Oscar Wilde's tactics and has been sliding down the toboggan to complete moral and physical degeneracy. Today, however, he is still looked upon as a power in the moving picture world. The moving picture magazines, for the love of gold that comes from advertising, quote him on this and that and treat him with gushing deference, when he should be publicly exposed. Every moving picture producer knows who this man is and a large part of the public knows, yet they countenance him.

If this were an isolated case, it might be overlooked although never could it be condoned. But there are all sorts of men of this kind in the moving picture game. They see to it that girls who are willing to satisfy their bestial desires are flaunted as film virgins before the thousands of young and innocent children—who represent the bulk of the moving picture patronage.

Several of the biggest producers are known to be living openly in a brazen passionate way with the woman they foist on the public as stars. They may call it temperament, aestheticism or whatever they will—but in reality it is only adulterous slag.

We know full well that among the moving picture stars and minor actresses in the silent drama there are some of the most noble and self-sacrificing of womankind. It is for them

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that we plead. They have won their way by hard work, attention to details and an inherited artistic ability. But many of them are being superseded by brazen concubines who think no more of sexual purity than a hog does of pate de foie gras. That is the plain truth of the matter—and it is a condition that must be corrected or it would be better that the good and pure women of this great business quit at once. As it is, many of them have found themselves crowded into the background because some scintillating hussy has a more superb pair of limbs or is able to sacrifice virtue for a Pompeii-apartment of joy with her boss.

Snub-nosed, freckle-faced scarlet women are rising to stardom, not because they twinkle but because they do not seem to mind being wined, kept and curried by some low-browed, licentious libertine, who happens to have wormed his way into the top notches of the profession by hook or crook—mostly crook.

The young ambitious girl, who has real histrionic ability, is thus discarded. She knows that she is discarded because she will not become a target for some man who holds the balance of power and who would only later dismiss her for something fresh.

If a bawd can be bedecked with diamonds and become a Movie Queen then the moving picture business is doomed. The path of such Queens will, like that of the average prostitute, lie through the vale of Poverty and end at the Potter's field—and they are to be pitied—but it isn't right that they should crowd out those who are trying to win their way to success.

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Many of these studios are dominated by the men with the coin who get next to the directors. They phone or write that they want to "place" a certain girl. She is told to report at once and thus she goes up the first step to fame and fortune unless a couple of rungs slip out of the ladder enroute or her "particular" friend gets frigid feet on the whole proposition.

The good girl must work in this atmosphere and if she does not stand for some gallant who gets gay she is liable to find herself fired in a jiffy.

The great white light that glares in the studios attracts hundreds of moths daily and the studio hounds are there to gobble them up—by persuasion, if they can, but if not, by Simon Legree tactics. Their desire is not for beauty or for art, but for sensualism. They are rotten, festering social scabs and until they are booted out the moving picture is under a darkening cloud of destruction.

We know a young man—a bright young boy, the idol of excellent and devoted parents. He became addicted to moving pictures and was more than eager to become a screen actor. His father finally placed him. A few months later the directors were changed and this boy fell under the influence of a stinking, cigarette-smoking debaucher of young girls. He was at the impressionable age and little by little he yielded to the gayer side of life. Not long ago in the East we ran across this boy's father. He was bowed and broken. Tears came to his eyes. From a pocketbook he took out a clipping, stained with tears. It was a press dispatch to his

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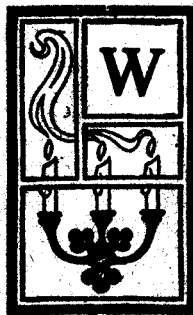
home city telling of a disgraceful affair his boy had become mixed up in that had finally landed him in a cell. He had been befuddled by drink and was also using a form of drug. That is another story and it may not be the rule but rather the exception, but that one case should surely make fathers and mothers think before they permit their tender offspring to come under the moving picture directors, unless some radical changes are made.

We do not believe it is necessary for us to say that there are many high-class directors, men who watch for the safety of all who come under their direction. This is true in many, many cases, and what is true of the director is true all the way up the line. But we fear the bulk of the business is getting worse and worse all the time.

A celebrated moving picture man—one who has made millions out of the business—was recently divorced by his wife. A charming, educated woman she was and a credit to a king. He had been keeping a notorious woman for several years, buying her diamonds, automobiles and taking her and her family to Europe—and he had also been trying to force her into stardom. Fortunately she didn't become a star, but he is still trying and in the meantime she has become a sort of Czarine of the studios, telling who shall be hired and who shall be fired.

It is all too disgusting! What the moving picture men need to register is: Decency!

THE LATEST FORD STORY



WOULD you give a Ford car for one long, rapturous, ecstatic, palpitating kiss? Be careful now! Whatever answer you give may be used against you. Thomas Brown, a lean, lank and horny-handed farmer of Scott County, Iowa, had a Ford and he also had a buxom housekeeper with cherry lips, fresh Iowa complexion and a Venus-like form. She was a good housekeeper and kept Thomas in prime condition to trail the festive plow by her cuisine adeptness. When

Thomas came in from the day in the fields he used to cast shy glances at the housekeeper whose name was Mrs. Bertha Spangler. She had one of those kissable mouths that gave him an electric feeling up and down the spinal vertebrae when he just even thought of a kiss.

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Mrs. Spangler didn't seem to be keen for any germ-trading siesta and held herself resolutely aloof. That is, she did until Thomas bought a Ford. Then things were never the same about the old place. Several times Thomas had circled about her before he bought the Ford, trying to wrest just one little osculatory smack from those ruby lips. But Mrs. Spangler adroitly ducked him, and his fervor only wasted on fresh Iowa air.

But with the possession of the Ford car, Mrs. Spangler became covetous too. She wanted the Ford just as badly as her employer wanted to kiss her. Finally she made a proposition. She would exchange one heavenly, dreamy kiss for the Tin Lizzie, Thomas being a David Harum in trading matters took one night to sleep over the proposal and the next morning he drew the car up in front of the house—ready for the worst.

Afterward, Mrs. Spangler confessed that Thomas kissed her in the pantry—which in our opinion is no place to kiss a perfect lady. But the deed was done and the car became Mrs. Spangler's and she could flit all over the smooth Iowa roads while her jealous neighbors looked on.

But in the meantime Thomas had experienced a change of heart. He became morose and sullen. The kiss wasn't so much after all and he had been having a lot of fun with his little car. The more he brooded over it, the more poignant was his anguish and there came a day when he marched up to his housekeeper, allowed his Adam's Apple to do a couple of loop-the-loops—and decided he wanted his car back, by Heck!

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But Mrs. Spangler wasn't so anxious to give it back and told him so without any waste of words. To cap the climax she quit the job and took the car with her.

Then Brown sued. The jury debated over the question for several days and finally decided that the Ford belonged to Mrs. Spangler and she should keep it.

It was brought out at the trial that the kiss which the winsome widow traded for the Ford lasted forty-five palpitating minutes. It was a soul-kiss that would make one of Olga Nethersole's or Leslie Carter's look like a kiss by mail compared to one by moonlight. Yessir, Thomas held his lips on her'n for nearly an hour and in that time he floated to heaven and back again and the jury decided that the Ford was well spent.

And so it came to pass that Poor Thomas is now lonesome and alone, cooking his own meals, darning his own socks and damning the maddening witchery of the widow's lips. He lost housekeeper, Ford and all in one fell swoop of a gust of passion. The sylvan path of ecstasy that he had so often dreamed of traveling and which led to the roseate lips of his fair housekeeper, has proved a blinding mountain trail and his hours of expectancy have soured and become days of just toil. Out over the main road he sees other little Fords go flitting by, frolicking to and fro, skipping nimbly over ditches, fitting from tree to tree and doing all the other little stunts that Fords are wont to do. Such is life.

But it just happened that in Thomas there was not the constitutional elements of a good sport. He should have re-

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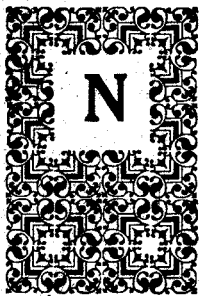
flected that men have lost their very lives for a single kiss and given up the ghost gladly. Anthony thought the world well lost for Cleopatra's maddn'ng kiss—and Thomas only lost a Ford.

And after all, Mrs. Spangler was taking certain chances. According to the pale professors in the horn-rimmed glasses who hand out the medical prophecies, any woman who takes chances with a kiss is flirting with anything from soft corns to the Asiatic itch. The kiss today must be sanitary or not at all. When the modern maid wants to do a little gum-sucking with her Apollo she does it through sterilized gauze with the soothing announcement: "Kiss me kid, I'm sanitary."

The seven vials of the seven angels of the Apocalypse are as benedictions by comparison with the plagues that are let loose when a kiss is exchanged in this era of man's progress to the heights. How did Mrs. Spangler know that Thomas didn't have an incubator of some death-dealing germs lurking away in the inner recesses of a decayed molar? If he had come to her antiseptically prepared, there might have been some ground for the wail that Thomas now sings to the Iowa plains but as it is he has no kick coming.

And now that the price of a Ford has been established; we have a sneaking idea that there are a whole lot of red-blooded fellows in the world who wouldn't mind being around when Mrs. Spangler makes up her mind to buy a Packard.

WILLIE ASTOR'S SON!



NEWS trickling through from deah old London brings the glad tidings that some pretty American girl has just escaped a terrible fate. Only the news didn't put it just that way. It reported that Captain, the Honorable John Jacob Astor, younger son of the former William Waldorf Astor, now Baron Astor of Haver Castle, By Gum Sir, is soon to marry a young lady with a name like an automobile—Lady Mercer Nairne. Thus some flat-chested American heiress will be saved the fate of having her parents wish her off on the offspring of expatriated offal.

Baron Ass—pardon, William Waldorf Astor—looks like a cross between a sick prune and a seed wart. He left America to pry his way into English society. His forefathers

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who were hucksters, sewer-diggers or followed some other honorable occupation, made their money by collecting callous spots on their hands. They passed the money on to him and he immediately renounced his allegiance to America and began licking the boots of titled empty pates in London. He tried every way possible to get into the upper circles but every time he would get his head above water someone would swat his cement skull with an oar and down he would go again. But persistence in spending his American gold finally won him a baronetcy, although he is just a monumental joke to those who really earned their titles honestly.

Young Astor seems to be of the same breed. Quite a change from young Vincent Astor, who appears to be developing into a real honest-to-goodness, red-corpuscled man.

As an indication of what a devil the Honorable Young English Astor is, the announcement says that he is the champion raquet-player in his set. Sweet spirits of Nitre! Also it is said he was wounded in a battle in France early in the war. But the nature of his wounds was never disclosed. It is our guess that he was shot in the heels or probably hit in the head and a piece of ivory chipped off. The fumigated English dispatches were quite careful at the time to keep the nature of the wound secret—which is in itself an indication that something happened that shouldn't have happened. And anyway when young Astor recovered he was not sent back to war.

We suppose this new alliance will be hailed as the event of the season. His Judas Iscariot dad will be there to pour

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plenty of gold into the bride's family cedar chest. While the young couple are dismally contributing to each other's misery, the Baron will ride up and down the Strand with an air of shouting, "See what my son did! He married a Lady!"

One of the meanest men in the world in our humble opinion is one who will spurn his own citizenship purely to have his head bumped for several millions so he can say he belongs to aristocracy. William Waldorf Astor couldn't hold down the job of assistant cheese-cutter in any first class grocery. He has never earned a cent. He has shown himself to be a scorbatic snob, whining at the feet of that foulest of cess-pools—the English nobility. It is not to be expected that such a man could raise a boy with brains in his head and iron in his blood. It was too bad he didn't give the lad a chance, a decent man's chance. But instead, for the love of position, he sees to it that the boy is chained and shackled to some noblewoman who wouldn't wipe the dirt off her feet on his neck if it were not for the Astor millions. It seems a pity that the sacred institution of marriage should be so humbled.

No wonder our American society has become a nest of whining snivellers, who hate anything American, but bow at the feet of anything from Europe. It is such men as William Waldorf Astor who have implanted the seed of dislike for America that now reigns in the hearts of the society idlers. These veranda comedians delight in knocking anything

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American and spewing out their platitudes about the wonders of dear Patee, Lunnon and other European centers.

When William Waldorf Astor left the Statue of Liberty behind, America went up a notch in respectability. He tried to get a seat in Congress but his money wouldn't do that. So it peeved him and he broke all out with a rash to get even. Itching for royalty he beat it for the other side and it has been a long old rocky road for him to have a baronetcy tossed at him much in the same manner that a man throws a whining dog a bone.

We wish the papers would quit sending back those dispatches about expatriated citizens. It always makes us hot under the collar and after all they are not worth worrying about. The press will now be filled with a deluge of bilgewater about the forthcoming nuptials and the pencil pushers will strangle on adjectives to illuminate the elaborate preparations that are being made for an ex-American fop and a 'Hinglish baroness to occupy the same sheets. We wish the young turtle-doves well, but can't say that we hope their tribe will increase.



We Have No Choice--America Must Fight!



FOR half a century the speaker at banquet or political pow-wow who has quoted General Sherman's sober statement that "War Is Hell!" has provoked a smile. The American people love the cuss word if it is in quotation marks. By degrees the tragic words have become humorous, and the man with the empty sleeve, the boy or girl whose father gave up his life on the battlefield, the widow who looks back upon the sweet memory of the honeymoon before her husband went away and never came back—all, all smile with the rest and seek the sunshine instead of the shadow. But General Sherman knew. He had tasted all the glories, but he had also drunk deeply of the sorrows. General Grant knew—when he said those words that have become a part of him: "Let us have peace!" Major McKinley knew, for he was a sol-

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dier, when he said at El Paso just fourteen years ago—"We will never war except for peace!" In the dark days of the sixties even strong men did not laugh when General Sherman said, "War Is Hell!" Instead they uncovered their heads and thought of the young brother who had gone away and who had never come back, of the bright son who had left the academy and had been found by the moonlight on the battlefield with his face turned toward the heavens, his cap thrown back from a curl-kissed brow—a terrible sacrifice upon the altar of patriotism.

It is frequently the case that it requires more courage not to strike than to strike. The really courageous man is the man who is master of himself. Woodrow Wilson has been dealing in a wonderful way with this Mexican situation. But he is no coward. Dryden has said: "Beware of the fury of a patient man." There are those who condemn the President roundly for his tolerant Mexican policy. We believe with a great majority of the American people that there was ample provocation long ago for Mexican invasion. But the most ardent pacifist—even the "peace at any price" chump—must admit that Mexico has deliberately forced war upon us, that the "watchful waiting" period has passed. We must fight. We would not war for commercial gain—not to put money in our purse—but to keep honor on Columbia's cheek. The American flag represents our fathers' blood and our mothers' tears. If we can have peace with honor, all right; we earnestly desire it. But the Greaser has left us no alternative. America must protect its citizens.

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The sword has been drawn and it should not be sheathed until the stars and stripes float over every inch of Mexican soil forever. Columbia's flag is a terror to tyranny and she must strike to kill. Mexico has sealed her fate. We believe the hour of her doom has struck. Within a few weeks America can hurl a half million of her sturdy sons against the treacherous Greasers. Despite the prediction of jingoists that it will take years to subdue and bring about a stable and satisfactory peace in Mexico, we believe that a few months will suffice to whip the murderous Mexicans into submission. It had to come. And every true American citizen stands ready to defend his country's honor.



The Elusive O. O. and the Milliner's Maid



LITTLE Rae Tanzer was a milliner's apprentice in New York. There are thousands of Rae Tanzer's all over the country but because she has gotten into an entanglement that looks good to the sob sisters she is finding that it is not so easy to sue a rich man and get away with it. She lives in the Bronx—where a lot of young working girls live and find it hard to be respectable and survive on meagre salaries when wealth is flaunted in their faces all over

the metropolis.

Rae Tanzer is pretty in a way. She has a chic little figure, the kind that attracts the Rubberneck Squad on the corners, and she has a wealth of auburn hair. Her eyes are limpid

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and her complexion is peach blown. All in all she would attract the most soul-eaten roue, if she tried.

There came a time in her life when she met a man who posed as "Oliver Osborne." He gave her the "O. O."—which in Broadway slang is the "once over"—and little Rae fell for him. He wore sporty clothes, white spats, red neckties, and was what the clothing ad sharks would call a "nifty dresser." He told her he was a plumber and lived in Philadelphia.

He always flashed a roll of greenbacks that would trip up a lithe young greyhound. After a period of mushy note writing and gooey-gooey phone conversations Miss Tanzer began taking trips to a little hotel with "Oliver Osborne" where they posed as man and wife. And as the Weekly Bugle would say: "A right good time was had."

Then the elusive Oliver did the disappearing act, leaving the milliner's apprentice with one slightly soiled and cracked heart. She sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. Then she went to her lawyers, and in the meantime she was picking up evidence here and there, with the lawyers' aid.

Out of a clear blue sky one morning, the newspapers were filled with the palpitating news that Miss Tanzer claimed that her "Oliver Osborne" was none other than James W. Osborne, a famous disciple of Blackstone, who was one of the real bright and shining luminaries of the New York bar. He was one of those cultured cusses that young legal stripplings followed around on the street just to tell the other fellows that they had seen him once. He had family, wealth,

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position—contributed to charity, was a patron of the arts and all that sort of thing. In fact James W. had class. His wife declared there was nothing to it and Osborne himself was firm in his statement that he was the victim of blackmail and other things. We don't know—he may have been right, but there is something about the whole case that smells to the Camembert with us. It is as odoriferous as a he-skunk out for a pastoral frolic.

Already Miss Tanzer has been arrested for perjury and her lawyers have been heckled and it looks as though there is some power behind the throne that is protecting Osborne—although we may be wrong. This is a free country, nevertheless, and we like to say what we think. We have not one single interest in Rae Tanzer; she may be as black as she is painted, but there is something about her story that rings true. A lone, inexperienced milliner's apprentice is not going to stick to her statement that her paramour was a lawyer with powerful pull unless she honestly believes so, although she may be honestly mistaken. Of course the rabid press is against her.

But the whole mystery about the thing is, where is "Oliver Osborne"? He has flitted out of this mundane sphere in a most phenomenal manner. As a matter of fact, he has evaporated. All of the trained detectives of the country have been chasing him and not one has found a single solitary clue. A man enmeshed in a fornication affair like this will usually leave some little clue. It sounds fishy—fishy as the Hester street market.

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The girl charges that Osborne is the author of a plot to send her to jail. She has been publicly disgraced, held up to ridicule and is now a nervous wreck purely because she was a betrayed young girl fighting for her rights. There was no evidence brought forth that she was a common harlot—in fact quite the contrary was true. She was a working girl—had always worked hard and supported others.

A fiery little lawyer named Benjamin Slade has been fighting the girl's battles. He has no prospect of a fee but he started in on the thing and he is going to see it through. It is his claim that judges, courts and even the district attorney's office have felt the touch of the James W. Osborne pull. This we doubt, but as we said before, there is a nigger in the woodpile somewhere that ought to be pulled out by its kinky hair.

Now and then it does happen that some so-called prominent man slips away from the family fireside, gets a few cocktails under his belt, flushes a chicken and whispers sweet nothings into her ear. If she is susceptible to his wiles he gets a few magnetic thrills that start at his fingers and go through his system like an applejack toddy, and the dern fool goes back for more. If the girl has bedroom eyes, he falls harder and before long he finds himself in a heluvafix with scandal on one side and a broken home on the other. As a rule, he does the usual thing—declares the girl is a broken down old cruiser and is trying to get on the inside of his fat wallet by blackmail. Sometimes the blackmailer does look for just such easy marks, but there are other times when

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these so-called good family men do ruin young girls and they do it maliciously and with no thought of the future. They should know better. But they don't. They like the chickens. As a vaudevillian said, there is no difference between an old millionaire and a worm; the chicken gets them all in the end. They seem to be completely hypnotized once they stray from the old home and wander around to dally with a few thrills. They sigh like a furnace and go about looking like a sheep-killing lamb. After the girl is seduced, they seem to think all responsibility ends.

This "Oliver Osborne" mystery is something that James W. Osborne must clear up before the general public is going to believe in him. In the meantime it is a mighty good lesson to other Rae Tanzers to remember that after all, virtue has its reward. She might have gone on and found a good husband who would have loved her, and whom she could have helped to prosperity and position.



RISKING HUMAN LIFE TO MAKE EVIDENCE



THE famous "Wine of Cardui" case came to an end in Chicago a few days ago, and at this writing the jury is working over the ponderance of evidence in attempting to agree upon a verdict. The "Wine of Cardui" case has attracted nation-wide attention. J. A. and Z. C. Patten, of the Chattanooga Medical Company, asked \$300,000 damages for libel from the American Medical Association. During the course of the trial, J. A. Patten—president of the Wine of Cardui Company and the principal plaintiff in the action—was taken suddenly ill and died. The junior Patten continued the trial on his own behalf, and now it is up to a jury to say whether or not the American Medical As-

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sociation is liable in damages for the attack upon that well-known patent medicine, Wine of Cardui.

We haven't any particular interest in the case, except that we always watch with interest anything that has to do with the ramifications of that unholyest of all unholy trusts—the American Medical Association. And we cannot refrain from commenting upon the decidedly unfair reports of the now famous trial as given by the Chicago newspapers. These reports, coming first hand to the Chicago newspapers, and through them to the news-gathering agencies by which “news” of the trial has been wired to every prominent newspaper in America, have been prejudiced, biased and one-sided. Every story of the trial seems to have been written in the interests of the A. M. A. The true situation or the merits of the case cannot possibly be determined by reading the newspaper reports of the trial, and the facts that have been brought to light are very different in many instances from the discolored facts that the public has had an opportunity to read.

The evidence introduced during the many weeks of the trial is, of course, voluminous, and if ever printed it will reveal many things the public should know. It will reveal, for example, upon the sworn testimony of the guilty doctor, that human life—supposed to be sacred—has been risked that “evidence” might be procured for use in this case.

A physician of supposed standing calmly testified that, while a patient who entrusted her life to him was upon the operating table, with incision made, a quantity of Wine of

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Cardui was injected into the uterus that its effect might be noted! He testified in effect that before he injected it he knew it would do no good, and that it "did no good," and apparently all that was accomplished by the unwarranted risk of life was to make "evidence" that Cardui, used in a manner in which it was never intended to be used, in a way in which it was not advised to be used, and at a time when the patient was under an anaesthetic "had no effect."

How was this "evidence" reported to the newspapers? It was reported as the testimony of an authority that he had used Cardui in his professional practice, and that no good had resulted from his use of it! The real "story," the "human interest" feature, the fact that a physician had risked a human life intrusted to him that "evidence" might be manufactured for the presumed benefit of the A. M. A., was overlooked wholly, as are, generally speaking, all of the facts brought out on the cross examination of the witnesses by the lawyers for the plaintiffs in the case.

Another thing that developed during the trial and which was ignored by the newspapers is that the doctors who appeared as witnesses have little, if any, regard for their patients. Doctors testified that Mrs. A— or Miss B— or Madame C— was under their treatment for this, that or the other trouble peculiar to their sex. While their names were not reported in the newspapers they were nevertheless made public so far as the doctor witnesses were concerned. Before a doctor was permitted to offer this class of testimony he was obliged, by the ruling of the court, to furnish to the counsel

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for the plaintiff the true name and address of the women referred to by the initial. This he was willing to do, to aid the A. M. A. which has its back to the wall. The ladies whose names were thus handed about, whose "cases" were discussed in a public court room, have been subjected to this indignity at the hands of their trusted doctors, that perchance the A. M. A. might gain an advantage in a suit for money between individuals.

We imagine that some of the physicians who have testified for the defendant in the case of Patten vs. the A. M. A. will have some tall explaining to do when they get home and the male relatives of their women patients, whose intimate secrets they have made public, take them to task.

As another example of the unfair reporting of the trial we quote one of the earlier "stories" that appeared in the Chicago morning papers, headed:

**"WINE OF CARDUI, 'WHISKEY SOAKED WEED'—
WIDOW. RECIPE GIVEN TO HER GRAND-
MOTHER BY CHEROKEE INDIAN
IN 1840, SHE SAYS."**

The "story" is introduced by the following paragraph:

"A little bunch of weeds soaked in whiskey and water," was the way Wine of Cardui was characterized by the widow of the first developer of the compound in a deposition offered yesterday in Federal Judge Carpenter's court.

This alleged statement, "a little bunch of weeds soaked in whiskey," served as the text on this particular day for the

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newspaper correspondents, who overlooked entirely the whole human interest story—for it is a human interest story of gripping proportions.

The deposition of Mrs. McElree, now of Texas, widow of the first developer on a commercial scale of the product, was read in court. It is quite lengthy, and cannot be reprinted even approximately in full, but is quoted from the Journal of the American Medical Association.

In reply to the question by the attorney for the A. M. A.: "Will you kindly tell the commissioner how you made that preparation (Wine of Cardui) and out of what?"

Mrs. McElree answered: "Well, my idea of that may be a little crude. I never helped to make it, and I was never in the laboratory. I was a very busy woman and I was never in the laboratory, only for a few minutes perhaps, but my understanding is, and I think I am correct that he (Dr. McElree) put the weed in a vessel and put water on it to stand perhaps two or three days to extract the medicinal properties, and then he drew it off and flavored it and put just enough whiskey in it to preserve it. That is all. I do not know the per cent, but it was just as small an amount as could be used for the preservation of the medicine."

Q. "Now, what was the plant, or the weed as you say, that was used?"

A. "Well, we did not know it any other way only as we got it; it was called Cardui."

Q. "Did it grow in the neighborhood in which you lived?"

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A. "No, sir; it grew only where we planted it. It was not indigenous at all."

After some other questions and answers touching on Mrs. McElree's acquaintance with the preparation from its having been made by her grandmother she was asked:

Q. "Do you know how much of the weed, as you designate it, or the Cardui, was used in making up the portion of the medicine?"

A. "Well, just on a small scale, the way grandmother gave it out to people that happened to need it, that she found out and could get a little bunch of the weed—we used to say a little bunch that they could hold that way (indicating) to a quart of whiskey."

Q. "To a quart of whiskey?"

A. "Yes, sir; just a little bunch of weed."

Q. "I think you said a quart of whiskey. You did not mean that?"

A. "I did not mean that; to a quart of medicine, they did not put only enough whiskey to preserve it and Mr. McElree, of course, began it on a small scale and he just put it in a barrel, and I think he put two-thirds full of the weed after it was stripped and then he put the water on it, and that extracted the property of the weed and he filtered it."

Enough whiskey to preserve it—only enough—was later added, she said.

This is practically all of the basis there is for the headline "WHISKEY SOAKED WEED." Great is the press!

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Mrs. McElree said, in the same deposition, that a "very special friend, a physician," advised Mr. McElree to "get out of the school room and make this medicine" on account of his health, and "so he finally did, I think about a year after he began to talk about it, and we began to have orders from persons that knew of it. You know it just advertised itself and when the Chattanooga Medicine Company took it we had orders from 16 different states."

Here is the heart of a romance of business. It is a "good story" from any newspaper angle and being made under oath by the wife of the man who laid the foundation for the business is probably exactly true.

Her grandmother, a pioneer woman in Tennessee, in the '40's learned of the properties of a "weed" which they called "Cardui." When it was needed she took a little bunch of it, and soaked it in water to extract the medicinal properties, and after she had done this she put in a little whiskey to keep it, and she gave it away to her neighbors. On cross examination (again quoting from the Journal of the A. M. A.) Mrs. McElree said:

Q. "Mrs. McElree, you say you first heard of these weeds from your grandmother."

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "And that was after your marriage?"

A. "Oh, I knew about it ever since I can remember, but she gave me seeds when I was leaving home, she thought it was so valuable a medicine that she did not want me to get out of it and always to keep it and if

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I never used it in my family I would find plenty more people who would need it. She was, I guess, a humanitarian."

She was indeed a humanitarian. In the '40's, in west Tennessee, a person who made and gave away medicine that was so effective that it "just advertised itself" was truly a humanitarian.

The A. M. A. may rave its head off; it may bring "experts" from every corner of the globe, and produce "authorities" as high as the Washington monument—the fact is not altered. No medicine unless it is efficient will "just advertise itself" to such an extent that women from sixteen states will write to a hamlet in Tennessee for it of their own volition, or on the recommendation of friends who have been benefited, for in no other way could they have heard of it.

We suspect that the efficiency of the medicine has something to do with the A. M. A. opposition to it. We have, in fact, noticed that the A. M. A. has concerned itself very little about medicines that were not largely used—in other words, those medicines which come into competition with the doctor.

In reporting this case there was, apparently, a studied effort to make it appear that because Cardui is made from a "weed" any remedial claim for it is ridiculous. Yet many weeds have great remedial virtues, as we all know.

Remove "weeds" from medicine, and there is mighty little left to medicine. The Creator probably placed medicinal properties in "weeds" so that they would be available if humankind needed remedial agents.

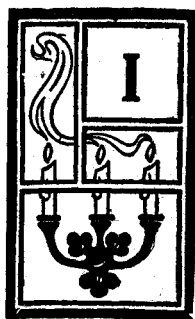
JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

We have heard time and time again from the A. M. A. that the "patent medicine men" control the press of the United States. If any evidence was needed to overthrow this silly allegation the newspaper accounts of the Patten trial have furnished it. It is the great ethical American Medical Trust that controls the press, and the charlatans who have control within the trust are the most unscrupulous scalawags we have ever encountered.

But the American people are gradually opening their eyes to the ramifications of this trust which is attempting to deprive the people of their rights along health lines, and just as sure as there is a Divine Power in Heaven the A. M. A. is going to come to judgment.



DADY'S LEGAL SIDE SHOW



IF there is any particular feature in American life which tires certain parts of our anatomy to the extent that a sitting posture is unendurable, it is the manner in which the criminal cases of today are staged by the members of the law profession and in which the courts are used for the display of legal pyrotechnics to the laudation of the prosecution and the self-aggrandizement of the states attorneys. Prosecution is necessary; a thorough questioning of witnesses and a dissection of all clews is commendable, but the starring of school children, the intimidation of the weak and the exposition of private correspondence, all of which is irrelevant to the case and to no purpose other than to furnish padding for newspaper notoriety for some boob of a lawyer who is

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looking for cheap advertising, is nauseating and should be discountenanced by the court and tabooed by the public.

By this we refer to all the big criminal cases, scores of which are in the passing these days; and especially has our attention been arrested by the grandstanding, by the abuse of privilege and by the damnable imposition of the prosecution in the Will Orpet case now on trial in Waukegan, Illinois. The case cannot be said to be an extraordinary one, but States Attorney Dady and his coterie of legal satelites have staged it and gauged it out of all proportions till it has Hanlon's Fantasma and other extravaganzas backed clear off the grade.

From day to day the prosecution has woven a skein variegated with love, tragedy, tears and folderol until the serious has given away to the ridiculous and court, jury and public have become lost in a maze of bewilderment. The real motive seems to have been lost sight of.

With the adeptness of a theatrical promoter, States Attorney Dady has gathered together a troupe of witnesses, the stunts of which would constitute a good passing show and certainly get the money, and should he tire of the legal vaudeville he would make a success in rounding up street carnivals and other fake entertainments with a big ballyhoo and jaz music.

In Dady's tragic vaudeville he has enlisted the presence of the heart-broken parents of both Will Orpet and Marian Lambert. He has pressed into service teamsters, deaf mutes and school children. He has theorized just how the crime was

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committed—assuming that there was one—and we doubt it. This theory he dramatized, and portrayed the tryst by drafting two young persons to impersonate the principals in the case. He seems to have hypnotised himself into the belief that Will Orpet committed the crime charged and is determined to convince the jury and the public that he is on the right track—but he doesn't get anywhere in his effort.

For some time Mr. Dady and his legal stevedores have been rehearsing a bunch of high school girls preparatory to their stunts, and encouraging them by the assurance that their names and their pictures would be printed in all the big papers of the land. A few days ago sixteen of these dazzling beauties blew into court and were placed upon exhibition as if at a beauty show. Judging from the testimony, they were there for no other reason on the part of the states attorney than to draw a crowd, to make a display and to add a little pep to the already famous case. But there was nothing to show that Will Orpet had any motive in killing his sweetheart. It was a mass of "he says," "she says," and "everybody thinks," but nothing to connect the defendant with the crime. One might drop a word which pleased Dady while another would knock the latest testimony galley west. One guessed one thing, while another guessed something else. There was a preponderance of testimony as to the honesty, straight-forwardness and purity of the deceased—in fact, one woman said: "If a daughter of mine ever showed so much true courage and true, devoted friendship to anything or to anybody on earth, I would be so proud of her that I would

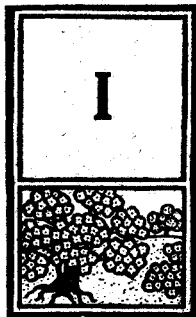
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have her name engraved on my tombstone when I came to die."

To say that this case, like many others, has been conducted in a ridiculous manner; that the defendant has been imposed on, and that he as an American citizen has been mistreated, does not fully express the true condition. After months of opportunity to search for evidence, after raking the ash-heaps and slums of the entire community from hell to breakfast, and with all the grandstanding, and with all the pyrotechnics at hand the prosecution has so far failed in any way to show one atom of evidence against Orpet. This school boy, who through his tears beholds Old Glory, that rag of freedom for which he would undoubtedly fight and die if necessary, and gazes upon that banner which he is taught as being the emblem of the freest nation on earth, must realize that it also stands for tyranny through a misdirected power which would send him to the gallows—innocent though he may be—if only his conviction would prove a boost for the heartless prosecutor.

It looks very much as though the State of Illinois is badly mistreating one of its young citizens and that Mr. Dady is far more interested in making a name for himself as a prosecutor than he is in seeing justice meted out in this case. We have watched the whole ridiculous performance carefully, and at this writing, when the prosecution is about to rest its case, we fail to see where the state has proved that a crime has been committed. There is still room for belief that Marian Lambert committed suicide.

Tuskegee Should Fire Its New Leader



IF the negro race expects to preserve Tuskegee Institute and its traditions it had better apply forthwith a large-sized can to "Major" Moton, the full-blooded negro who succeeded Booker T. Washington as head of this institution. For about twenty years, we believe, Booker T. Washington lived among the white people of Alabama without antagonizing them. He did great good for his race. He never shouted "race prejudice" when some cringing black was dragged through the streets to dangle shortly afterward at the end of a rope. He deplored it as most whites deplored it. Yet Booker T. Washington realized that back of it all was a crime that must be uprooted before the Lynch Law would ever become a dead issue. It was his motive to uplift his

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people and he did it by making them work and teaching them the value and independence of industry.

Booker T. Washington would never have thought of demanding social recognition from his neighbors, and knowing that the whites were a predominating influence he did not antagonize any of the laws which were on their face oppressive. He was a constructionist, and his work will live forever; but the institute he founded may shortly be relegated to oblivion if this "Major" Moton is allowed to run wild.

In time it may be that the black race will be raised to a plane where discriminatory regulation will be useless. But this "Major" Moton has lived less than a year in Alabama and already he is trying to rip open the laws of the state, defy the police and make a general nuisance of himself. It is not our purpose to discuss the laws of Alabama. In the North they may appear wrong—even cruelly so—to deny to the black the privilege of riding in the same railroad train with whites. However, such laws were not made primarily to exclude the Motons and the Washingtons, but to exclude a class that notoriously abuses every accorded privilege.

Just a short while ago Mrs. Moton and "Major" Moton's brother insisted upon defying the so-called "Jim Crow" law, and it became necessary to call a policeman to eject them from a Pullman car. The offense is one that will not be condoned for it consisted in trying to force social recognition in defiance of the law.

Such action means only one thing. That Tuskegee must have a new head at once or collapse. The white man's purse

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has ever been open for the good of Tuskegee. No race prejudice has existed, but everything has been done to help the negro up to a higher level. Members of the negro race, who are commanding respect all over the world, will resent this defiant attitude on the part of members of the Moton family.

It is said that Ham was cursed with blackness because of his impudicity—his utter disregard of the laws of decency. For years the negro has been regarded as a lying, lustful animal which no amount of training could transform. The negro is proving to some extent, at least, that this is not true for all over the United States there are blacks who are occupying positions of trust and going their way without trying to mingle with the whites. This is better for both races.

It cannot be denied that just at present the negro's mentality does not in any way compare with that of the white man. Booker T. Washington was unusually brilliant but he was more white than black.

Until the Ethiop stops his assault on white women he cannot as a race become the equal of the white man socially. The white man is responsible for the presence of the black man in America. It is the duty of the white race to help him, but not yet is it their duty to mingle with him. When the matter is carefully sifted down, however, we do not in reality owe the negro anything. He was found a naked, snake-worshipping savage, and we have conferred upon him all the polish of civilization that he is competent to receive. He has been taught to use tools, and occupations have been opened to him by whites that serve to lift him out of the serbian

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bogs of savagery. It is such actions as those countenanced by "Major" Moton when performed by members of his family that will serve to drag the negro down instead of up.

The negro must be taught that a people, like an individual, are a social law unto themselves and that statutory enactments are but a crystallization of community sentiment.

We must handle the negro by pure reason. When they deserve to progress the white race will never stand in their way. They must work out their own salvation but they will never work it out as long as "Major" Moton's tribe tries to fly in the face of state or national legislation.

Graduates of Tuskegee under Booker T. Washington's régime will no doubt deplore this latest escapade which shows the way the wind blows with their new leader. Now is the time to oust him before any more harm is done.



"HUMANITY" IN HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT

A N incident which occurred at Toledo, Ohio, recently has been brought to our attention. It points clearly to the inhumanity that results from the close corporation of the regular medical profession. Simply because a woman about to become a mother had not secured the necessary "doctor's certificate" she was denied admission to the hospital and turned into the street. This mother was shown about as much consideration as a she-wolf about to whelp a litter of pups. While hospitals are much touted as charitable institutions, the charity is generally inverted. The charity bunk is peddled to the public to make the soliciting of funds easier, but when it comes to practicing charity there doesn't seem to be anything so perishable in stock at the time.

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Not one of these places which we are acquainted with will take a charity patient at all. They have "no room," while the rooms and wards may be largely vacant. The person who pays the most gets the most.

A public hospital should be a place where the unfortunate poor and needy can be taken in time of sickness and receive the care given to the rich. Otherwise it is a private snap.

The dispatch referred to follows:

Toledo, O., March 6.—In the sleet and rain of the most disagreeable morning of the year, Mrs. Ada Jones, 27, formerly of Detroit, became a mother on an open street of Toledo.

The woman had just been refused admission to a Toledo hospital.

The baby, a boy weighing 10 pounds, came into the world when Mrs. Jones was crossing the car tracks at Cherry and Bancroft streets.

The street was well filled with men and women on their way to work. The numerous spectators were sympathetically horrified by the young mother's plight.

Rigid investigation of the conditions under which the woman was refused admittance to the hospital is promised by trustees of the institution.

Fred Jones, father of the child, said he took his wife to the Toledo hospital at 7 o'clock Monday morning.

Hospital authorities are said to have rejected the woman because she did not have a certificate from a doctor. In the snow and rain the couple left the hospital to search for a doctor.

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Just as the couple reached the car tracks crossing Cherry street, Mrs. Jones sank to the snow in a faint.

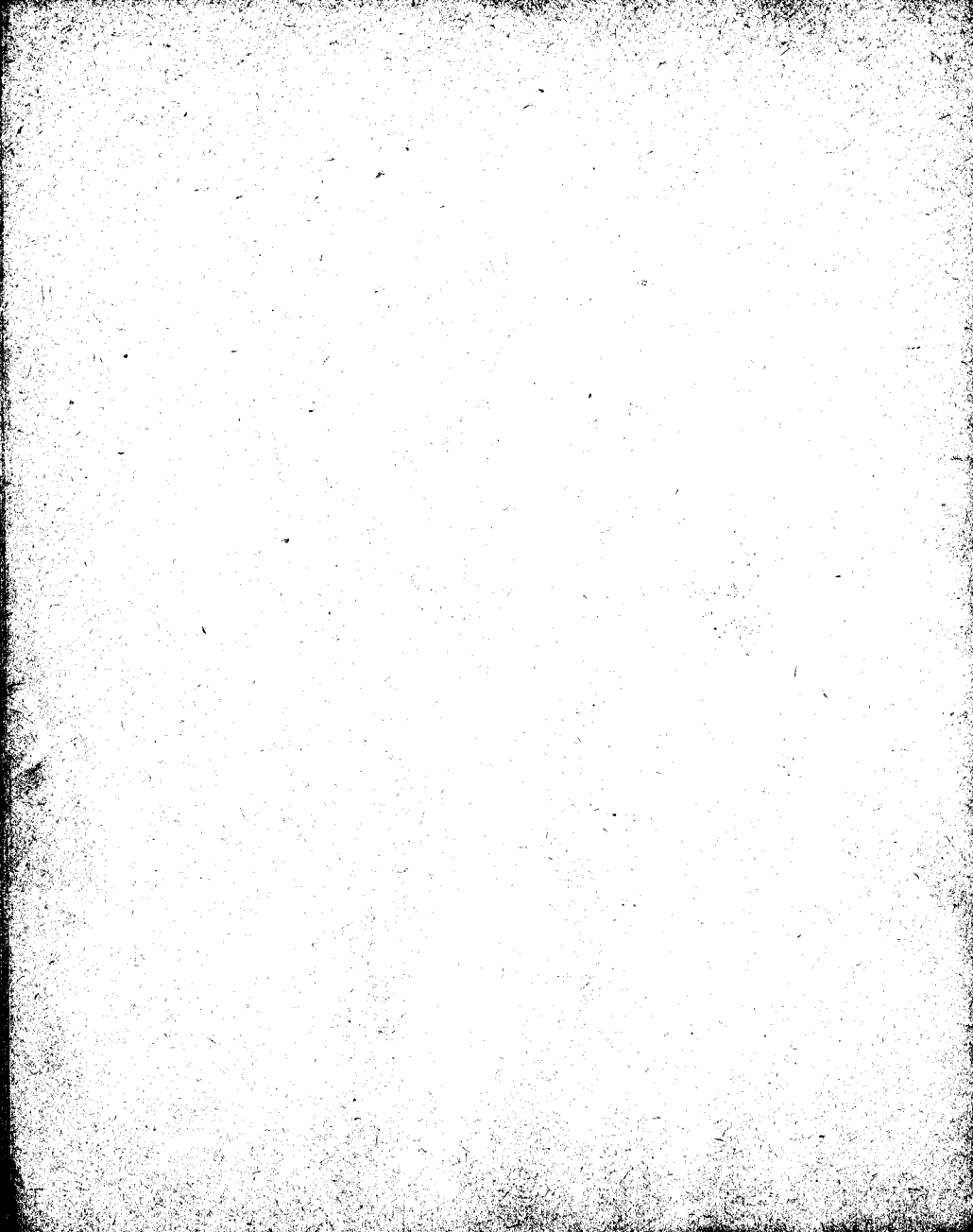
Pedestrians carried the woman into Senn & Acker's undertaking rooms. George Gemsbechler picked up the baby and carried it into the office. Gemsbechler telephoned for the police ambulance and took the mother and child to his home.

The child is said to show no ill effects from the exposure. The mother is doing well.

The couple came here from Detroit two weeks ago in search of employment.

We are always assured, when brutes are caught in their brutality, that a "rigid" investigation will be made, but it never gets anywhere. The facts are suppressed, and, after the public indignation moderates—as it always does—the whole matter is whitewashed and dropped. The brutes may not be as brutal for a time, but the scare disappears in a short time, and matters go on as before.





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